THE

SANDMAN™

MASTER • of • DREAMS

NUMBER 1
JAN 1989
NEW FORMAT

$2.00 US
$2.50 CAN
1.20 UK

SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

GAIMAN • KIETH • DRINGENBERG

mckean

WAKE UP, SIR. WE'RE *HERE*.

JUNE 6th, 1916. WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND.

ALREADY? I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF...

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.

GOOD AFTERNOON. MY NAME IS HATHAWAY. DR. JOHN HATHAWAY.

CAN I, UH, IS MR. *BURGESS* AVAILABLE?

THE MASTER IS IN HIS STUDY, SIR. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

DR. HATHAWAY! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

PLEASE TAKE A SEAT.

COMPTON, SOME TEA FOR OUR GUEST.

SO. I TAKE IT THAT YOU HAVE... RECONSIDERED?

AFTER OUR MEETING AT THE MUSEUM...I--I KNOW WHAT I SAID, BUT...

MY SON, EDMUND. I GOT A TELEGRAM THIS MORNING. HIS DESTROYER WAS SUNK LAST WEEK. OFF JUTLAND.

"HE'S DEAD."

I BROUGHT YOU THE BOOK. I HAD TO. IF WHAT YOU WERE TELLING ME WAS TRUE... AND IT IS TRUE, ISN'T IT?

ABOUT DEATH?

QUITE TRUE, DR. HATHAWAY.

THE MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE WAS ALL THAT THE ORDER NEEDED. WE CAN HOLD THE CEREMONY AT THE NEXT FULL MOON...

AND THEN.., NO ONE NEED EVER DIE AGAIN.

JUNE 10th, 1916.

TORONTO, CANADA ELLIE MARSTEN LISTENS TO HER BED TIME STORY.

...SAID TWEEDLEDUM, "WHEN YOU'RE *ONLY* ONE OF THE THINGS IN HIS DREAM.

"YOU KNOW VERY WELL *YOU'RE* NOT *REAL*."

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

SHE KNOWS IT IS *ONLY* MEANT TO ENTERTAIN HER.

IT *TERRIFIES* HER.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA. IN HIS *FATHER'S* INN *DANIEL BUSTAMONTE SLEEPS.* THE SHOUTS AND SONGS OF DRUNKEN ADULTS DO NOT SHAKE HIS SLUMBER.

HE DREAMS OF A *CASTLE* IN THE AIR. ABOVE THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

A *CASTLE* MADE OF *CLOUDS.*

VERDUN, FRANCE. STEFAN WASSERMAN GOES OVER THE TOP *AGAIN* TONIGHT. AS SOON AS IT'S *DARK*. HE NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS. NOBODY TOLD HIM.

HE *LIED* ABOUT HIS AGE TO ENLIST. HE'S *ALMOST 14.*

LONDON, ENGLAND. UNITY KINKAID TOSSES BETWEEN LINEN SHEETS. SHE *DREAMS* OF A TALL, DARK *MAN*. HIS *EYES* BURN LIKE TWIN *STARS* IN HER *HEAD.*

SHE MUTTERS AND WHIMPERS; LOST IN A WORLD BEYOND HER UNDERSTANDING, UNITY *DREAMS.*

WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND. RODERICK BURGESS'S WAKING DREAMS ARE OF THE *POWER* AND THE *GLORY.*

AND OF *DEATH*, OF COURSE.

ESPECIALLY DEATH.

IT'S MIDNIGHT. IT'S TIME.

TIME. AHH... NO ONE HAS EVEN *ATTEMPTED* WHAT WE WILL *ACHIEVE* TONIGHT, ALEX. TO SUMMON AND IMPRISON *DEATH*...

THIS WILL BE A *TRIUMPH* FOR THE ORDER. EH, ALEX?

YES, FATHER.

FATHER?

... MAGUS

AFTER TONIGHT I'D LIKE TO SEE *ALEISTER* AND HIS *FRIENDS* TRY TO MAKE *FUN* OF ME!

THEY WILL MAKE *NO* MORE *JOKES*, ALEX, WHEN *DEATH* IS AT MY COMMAND...

AND I HAVE THE *MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE*. POOR PROFESSOR HATHAWAY... EVEN IF WE *FAIL* TONIGHT, MY SON, *HATHAWAY GAVE* US THE *BOOK*.

HE'LL BE IN OUR *SWAY FOREVER*. THE ROYAL MUSEUM WILL BE OURS TO *PLUNDER*.

POOR OLD FOOL...

EVERYTHING IS READY FOR THE CEREMONY, MAGUS.

GOOD.

TO YOUR PLACES, THEN.

LET US BEGIN.

FOR A MOMENT RODERICK BURGESS IS *SCARED*. HE THINKS OF THE EFFRONTERY OF HIS ACTION: TO *CAPTURE* DEATH... TO *BIND* THE *REAPER*...

FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES. BUT *ONLY* FOR A *MOMENT*.

I GIVE YOU *COIN* I MADE FROM A *STONE*.

I GIVE YOU A *SONG* I STOLE FROM THE *DIRT*.

I GIVE YOU A *CLAW* I RIPPED FROM A *RAT*. I GIVE YOU A *NAME*, AND THE NAME IS *LOST*. I GIVE YOU THE *BLOOD*...

...FROM OUT OF MY *VEIN*, AND A *FEATHER* I *PULLED* FROM AN *ANGEL'S WING*.

I GIVE YOU A *KNIFE* FROM UNDER THE *HILLS*. AND A *STICK* THAT I *STUCK* THROUGH A DEAD MAN'S *EYE*.

THE WORDS OF THE SPELL *TOLL* INSIDE HIS *HEAD*. *BURGESS* REALIZES THAT HE *COULDN'T* STOP NOW. NOT EVEN IF HE *WANTED* TO...

I CALL YOU WITH *NAMES*, OH MY *LORD*, OH MY LORD.

I SUMMON WITH *POISON* AND SUMMON WITH *PAIN*. I OPEN THE *WAY* AND I OPEN THE *GATES*.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

I *SUMMON* YOU IN THE NAMES OF THE *OLD* LORDS.

NAMTAR. ALLATU. MORAX. NABERIUS. KLESH. VEPAR. MAYMON.

WE *SUMMON*.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

COME.

ASHEMA-DEVA CALLS YOU.

MABORYM CALLS YOU.

HORVENDILE CALLS YOU.

"FROM THE *DARK* THEY CALL YOU... *INTO* THE *DARK* THEY CALL YOU."

COIN AND SONG, KNIFE AND STICK...

"CLAW AND NAME, BLOOD AND FEATHER."

"HERE IN THE DARKNESS..."

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

"WE SUMMON YOU, TOGETHER.

"COME!"

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

THE TALE OF THE JUST

NEIL GAIMAN
STORY
SAM KIETH & MIKE DRINGENBERG
ARTISTS
TODD KLEIN
LETTERS
DANIEL VOZZO
COLORS
ART YOUNG
ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER
EDITOR

WE DID IT. I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT. WE *DID* IT.

NO. WE *FAILED.*

THIS ISN'T *DEATH.* DAMN IT TO *HELL.*

EVEN SO...

"...I THINK--AT THE *END* OF THE *DAY*--THIS WILL HAVE BEEN A *VERY PROFITABLE* EVENING'S WORK."

ELLIE. ***ELLIE!*** DRAT THE GIRL! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, ARTHUR? SHE'S FALLEN ***ASLEEP*** AGAIN!

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

HER ***FATHER*** CARRIED HER TO HER ***BED.***

SHE ***NEVER*** WOKE UP.

DANIEL BUSTAMONTE RETURNS TO HIS ***BEST*** DREAM.

AND THEN THE CLOUDS AREN'T ***THERE*** AT ***ALL.***

BUT ***THIS*** TIME THE ***CLOUDS*** ARE FLIMSY, FRAIL, LESS REAL...

TOO ***SCARED*** TO ***SLEEP,*** HE ***SOBS*** TO KEEP HIMSELF ***AWAKE*** UNTIL ***DAWN.***

STEFAN'S CASE IS NEW TO THE DOCTORS. THEY THOUGHT THEY'D SEEN EVERY FORM OF SHELL-SHOCK.

HOW LONG CAN A BOY GO WITHOUT SLEEPING? WHEN DO THE NIGHTMARES SNEAK OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT?

IT'S SAD.

THE MORPHINE IS PROVING USELESS.

STEFAN WASSERMAN WENT OVER THE TOP.

UNITY KINKAID FINDS IT HARDER AND HARDER TO STAY AWAKE.

NOW SHE LIES UNMOVING, BREATH SHALLOW AND SILENT, LOST TO THE WORLD.

SHE NOW SLEEPS FOR ALMOST TWENTY HOURS A DAY.

SHE USED TO DREAM; TO SHIFT IN HER SLEEP, MUTTERING AND SIGHING, LOCKED IN HALF-REMEMBERED FANTASIES...

UNITY SLEEPS.

Trapped.

Observe.

WELCOME. AS YOU SEE, THE *CIRCLE* TRAPS YOU *INCORPOREALLY*; THE *CRYSTAL CELL* IMPRISONS YOUR MATERIAL ASPECT.

YOU WON'T GET OUT UNLESS THE CIRCLE IS BROKEN. AND THE CIRCLE WILL NOT BE BROKEN UNLESS I ORDER IT.

WE WILL *DISCUSS* THE *CONDITIONS* OF YOUR *RELEASE*...

Threats.

Patience.

JUNE 1920. THE *GREAT WAR* TWO YEARS IN THE PAST: AN OVERDUE *STOCKTAKING* REVEALS THE *LOSS* OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE ROYAL MUSEUM.

PROFESSOR JOHN *HATHAWAY*, SENIOR CURATOR, COMES UNDER *SUSPICION*.

YOU'RE A BASTARD, RODERICK BURGESS. AND I WAS A FOOL.

I WAS A FOOL TO THINK YOU COULD REPLACE EDMUND. I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE GIVEN YOU THAT DAMNED BOOK.

YOU'VE BLED ME DRY. BUT YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL ME ANY LONGER.

I'VE WRITTEN A SUICIDE NOTE. TO MY SHAME I KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT YOU. IT'S ALL THERE--ALL I KNOW.

"IF YOU'RE LUCKY THEY'LL ONLY HANG YOU. YOU'LL RUIN NO MORE LIVES.

"I CANNOT BEAR MY LIFE ANY LONGER. DAMN YOU TO HELL, BURGESS; AND, ALAS..."

"...I AM CERTAIN *YOU* WILL MEET *ME THERE*."

CONFESSION
I, John Hathaway,
Wishing to die peace-
fully, here state
that the true
of my in
a

FOOL.

PROFESSOR HATHAWAY'S USE OF A MUSEUM ARTIFACT IN HIS *SUICIDE* CONFIRMED *SPECULATION* THAT HE WAS *MENTALLY UNBALANCED*.

NO SUICIDE NOTE WAS FOUND.

CURATOR'S MYSTERY SUICIDE POLICE BAFFLED

DEWE'S

KENSINGTON CH. ALDWYCH

SOUTHERN A22

B2271

THE PUMP HO

AT THE *INQUEST*, ACCUSATIONS WERE MADE LINKING HATHAWAY TO RODERICK BURGESS -- "THE *LORD MAGUS*" -- AND HIS *ORDER* OF *ANCIENT MYSTERIES*.

NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN.

THE SELF-STYLED "*DAEMON KING*" REFUSED TO COMMENT.

E DAILY MAIL

SCANDAL ROCKS OCCULT COMMUNITY

"DAEMON KING" CLEARED DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE

The figure who was alleged to be at the centre of the scandal involving the bizarre suicide of museum curator John Hathaway is Roderick Burgess, born Morris Burgess Brocklesby in Preston, Lancashire in 1872. During the turn of the century, Mr. Burgess used his considerable inherited industrial wealth to set up his mystical organisation, The Order of Ancient Mysteries, based in "Fawney Rig," a Sussex Manor House.

In 1916 Mr. Burgess announced widely in occult circles that he would raise and imprison Death, proving himself as the greatest magician of his day. Whatever the truth of what occurred in Wych Cross in 1916—and it is doubtful anyone will ever know for sure—one thing is certain: it was a significant turning point for Burgess and his Order of Ancient Mysteries. Mr. Burgess' efforts to win himse

ity in the early years of the centu

th scorn by the othe

"serious"

TRAGEDIES OF SLEEPY SICKNESS

WARPED MINDS AN BROKEN BODIES

Since *The Daily Mail* published the

Mr. E. W. Hore, of Manchester c

ase of his daughter,

ects of s

THE "*SLEEPY SICKNESS*", AS IT WAS CALLED, CONTINUED TO SPREAD. PEOPLE FELL *ASLEEP*, AND DID NOT WAKE UP...

THEY LIVED THEIR *LIVES* LIKE *SLEEPWALKERS*; EATING IF *FED*, SOMETIMES TALKING *NONSENSE*, DREAM-STUFF...

PSYCHIC RESIDUE FROM THE WORLD WAR, SOME SUGGESTED. OTHERS, DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS, MORE *SENSIBLY* ATTRIBUTED IT TO A *VIRUS*.

UNABLE TO SLEEP, STEFAN WASSERMAN *KILLED HIMSELF* A YEAR AFTER HIS DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY.

STEFAN WASSERMAN 1902-1918

HE WAS SIXTEEN.

AUGUST, 1926.

BUGGER AND BLAST HIM!

I KNOW HE UNDERSTANDS ME!

TEN YEARS IN THAT GOLDFISH BOWL AND HE HASN'T SAID A WORD!

JUST STARES AT ME WITH THOSE CREEPY EYES OF HIS!

HE HATES US!

UH, FATHER, MAGUS. I'VE FOUND SOMETHING THAT MAY CAST SOME LIGHT ON OUR GUEST. IN THE *PAGINARUM FULVARUM*...

HERE, LOOK AT THIS PICTURE...

HMM. YES, INDEED.

WHY DO YOU THINK I ORDERED THAT NONE OF THE GUARDS WERE TO SLEEP?

HE HAD TO BE ONE OF THE *ENDLESS*... SO WHICH ONE?

NOT DEATH. WE KNEW THAT. DESTINY, THEN? *DESIRE*?

Roddy
Your slave in love
Ethel

Here's said thee Kinge of Dreme

DREAM WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT FITTED THE *BILL*. I WAS HOPING YOU'D WORK IT OUT ON YOUR *OWN* ONE DAY, THOUGH. AND YOU *HAVE*.

WELL DONE, ALEX.

I KNOW THAT THE *ORDER* WILL BE *SAFE* IN YOUR *HANDS*. IF EVER I FORSAKE THE MATERIAL *PLANE*, HEHHH. *EH*, MISTER *SYKES*?

INDUBITABLY, MAGUS.

NOVEMBER, 1930.

A SCHISM BRINGS *CHAOS* TO THE ORDER.

TICKETS

RUTHVEN SYKES, SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES, *DISAPPEARS*...

...IN COMPANY WITH *ETHEL CRIPPS*, THE MAGUS'S *MISTRESS*

THEY TAKE WITH THEM MANY OF THE ORDER'S *TREASURES*, AND OVER *£200,000* IN *CASH*.

MAGICAL WAR IS DECLARED.

SAN FRANCISCO. DECEMBER, 1930.

I BEG *PROTECTION*, LORD.

PROTECTIONSSS COMES DEAR, MORTAL. THE THINGSZ YOU OFFERSS ISSS PALTRY TRIFLESS...

HAVE YOU NOSZSING ELSSSSE...?

PERHAPS THIS HELMET SIRE?

AAAH. YESSSSSSSS. FOR THISSS I WOULD GIVE YOU WHAT YOU ASKS... SSSZO SSPLENDID...

THISSS AMULET WILL MAKES SSAFE FROM ANYSSZINGGS...

WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND.

PURRRRRRR

AS THIS *BLOOD* IS SHED, SO SPILLS *YOUR* BLOOD, *RUTHVEN SYKES*, ADEPT OF THE 33RD, WHOSE SECRET NAME IS *ARARITA*...

TRAITOR AND *OATH-BREAKER*.

THE RITUAL PROVED *USELESS*. AGAIN HE HAS *PROTECTION*. VERMINOUS OAF!

WHAT ABOUT OUR, UH, PRISONER?

COULDN'T WE MAKE *HIM* DO SOMETHING TO SYKES?

WE CAN'T MAKE HIM "*DO*" *ANYTHING*, ALEX. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP HIM THERE, AND HOPE.

WE COULD TRY TO RAISE *DEATH* AGAIN...?

CRETIN.

"WE CAN GET SYKES IF WE JUST KEEP TRYING."

IN 1936 SHE WALKED OUT ON HIM. SHE TOOK THE DEMON'S GIFT WITH HER...

YES!

NO.

OH GOD, NO.

...WHILE HE *OWNED* THE AMULET, IT KEPT HIM *SAFE*...

...WHEN HE *STILL POSSESSED* IT, IT WAS WORTH *EVERYTHING*.

JULY 1939. ELLIE MARSTEN IS IN A CHARITY WARD. SHE'S *STILL* ASLEEP. SHE HAS WOKEN *TWICE* IN THE LAST DECADE...

EACH TIME SHE *CRIED* FOR HER *MOTHER*. SHE STILL THINKS SHE IS *EIGHT*.

DANIEL BUSTAMONTE WAS ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE TO SUCCUMB TO *SLEEPY SICKNESS*, END OF 1926. HE'S NOW BEEN ASLEEP FOR *THIRTEEN* YEARS.

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN *MISS* HIM.

UNITY KINKAID WAS *RAPED*, SEVEN YEARS AGO. SHE GAVE *BIRTH* TO A BABY *GIRL*.

THE *SCANDAL* WAS *HUSHED UP*.

THE *BABY* WAS *ADOPTED*. UNITY *NEVER* KNEW. SHE'D *SLEPT* THROUGH THE WHOLE *THING*.

THE UNIVERSE KNOWS SOMEONE IS MISSING, AND SLOWLY IT ATTEMPTS TO REPLACE HIM.

HE PUTS EVIL PEOPLE TO *SLEEP* WITH GAS, THEN SPRINKLES *SAND* ON THEM, LEAVES THEM FOR THE *POLICE* TO FIND IN THE *MORNING*...

HE DOESN'T DREAM ABOUT THE *MAN* IN THE STRANGE *HELMET* ANYMORE. *NO* MORE BURNING EYES.

EVERYTHING'S ALL *RIGHT*.

WESLEY DODDS'S NIGHTMARES HAVE *STOPPED* SINCE HE STARTED GOING *OUT* AT NIGHT.

THE IDEA CAME TO HIM IN HIS *SLEEP*.

WESLEY DODDS SLEEPS THE *SLEEP* OF THE *JUST*.

1947.

FATHER, DO YOU THINK THIS IS WISE? AT YOUR AGE?

MY AGE?! Khoff! DON'T BE SO BLOODY INSOLENT! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!

YOU! IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU!

DAMN YOU!

YOU AREN'T DEATH. BUT YOU LIVE FOREVER. YOU HAVEN'T AGED A DAY SINCE WE CAUGHT YOU.

YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN ME POWER BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS.

SNF.

I-ahhah- I DIDN'T HAVE TO GET SO OLD.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO GET OLD.

UKT

Watch my captor grow old and die. No satisfaction. Still here.

Waiting.

1955.

RODERICK KIRKESS
1863-1947
NOT DEAD,
ONLY SLEEPING

ELLIE MARSTEN IS DIAGNOSED AS SUFFERING FROM *ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA*. SHE NOW WAKES FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A YEAR...

SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO READ HER A STORY.

DANIEL BUSTAMONTE IS *AWAKE* MUCH OF THE TIME. HE DOESN'T *SPEAK*, THOUGH.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAY HE IS *ZOMBIE*, A WALKING *DEAD MAN*.

WHEN HER *PARENTS* DIED, THE FAMILY EXECUTORS HAD UNITY KINKAID PUT INTO A *NURSING HOME*.

IF HE SPOKE HE MIGHT *AGREE* WITH THEM. SOMETHING *DIED* INSIDE HIM A *LONG* TIME AGO.

A *CASTLE* MADE OF *CLOUDS*.

THEY HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHERE SHE IS TO HER EVERY TIME SHE *WAKES*. SHE NEVER REMEMBERS...

AROUND HER THE *ELDERLY* WAIT FOR DEATH, AS THEY'D *WAIT* FOR AN OLD *FRIEND*.

KILLING *TIME*.

"ALEX, DARLING, I *STILL* DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU KEEP HIM DOWN THERE..."

"WHAT ELSE CAN I *DO*?"

BUT WHAT IF THE POLICE FOUND OUT? IT'S *KIDNAPPING!*

DON'T BE FOOLISH, PAUL. I'VE TOLD YOU...

HE'S BEEN DOWN THERE FOR FORTY YEARS, WITHOUT EATING, WITHOUT...SLEEPING.

I DON'T THINK HE CAN EVEN *BREATHE* IN THAT GLASS CAGE.

HE'S A BEING OF UNKNOWABLE POWER. SO WHAT DO I DO?

SAY, "*SORRY*--IT WAS ALL *FATHER'S* FAULT. LOOK ME UP THE *NEXT* TIME YOU'RE *INCARCERATED* ON THE *PHYSICAL PLANE*"?

IF YOU *SAY* SO. YOU'VE BEEN *AROUND* A *LOT* LONGER THAN I HAVE. FANCY A GAME OF *TENNIS*?

THE ORDER ISN'T JUST A WAY TO MAKE *MONEY* AND GET *LAID*, PAUL. SOME OF IT'S FOR REAL.

I'VE SEEN STUFF YOU'D NEVER *BELIEVE*. THINGS THAT *STILL* SCARE ME. *NIGHTMARE* THINGS.

WE'RE SAFER JUST *LEAVING* HIM DOWN THERE. I'LL BE *DEAD* LONG BEFORE HE EVER GETS OUT. IT'LL BE SOMEBODY *ELSE'S* PROBLEM.

"NOT NOW. *SORRY*. I'M TOO TIRED."

HELLO.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE IN THERE, YOU KNOW. THE DEAL'S *STILL* THE SAME ONE THAT MY *FATHER* OFFERED YOU.

POWER. IMMORTALITY. A *PROMISE* THAT YOU WON'T SEEK *REVENGE.*

WELL? I *KNOW* YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME! *SAY* SOMETHING!

No.

1968. THEY COME TO HIM SEEKING *ENLIGHTENMENT.* ALEXANDER BURGESS TELLS THEM OF KUNDALINI *YOGA,* TANTRIC *SEX,* ASTRAL TRAVEL...

NOTHING *IMPORTANT.*

VICTORIA

HE FORBIDS THEM TO USE *PSYCHEDELICS* IN THE *HOUSE,* WORRIED THAT THE WAKING DREAMS COULD SOMEHOW *EMPOWER* HIS PRISONER.

MOVED TO A HOSPITAL *SPECIALIZING* IN *ENCEPHALITIS* CASES, ELLIE CONTINUES TO SLEEP. THERE ARE *MANY* THERE LIKE HER. PEOPLE FOR WHOM THE *SANDS OF TIME STOPPED* FLOWING, SOMETIME HALF A CENTURY EARLIER.

DANIEL SLEEPWALKS UNSPEAKING THROUGH *HIS* WORLD.

HE WON'T LET THEM CALL HIM "*MAGUS*" TO HIS FACE IT'S *ALEX. ALWAYS ALEX.*

HE MOVES *SLOWLY,* LIKE A MAN *WADING* THROUGH *QUICKSAND.*

THE NURSING HOME STAFF *PRETEND* THAT UNITY IS *AWAKE.* THEY WHEEL HER FROM ROOM TO ROOM WITH THE OTHER PATIENTS.

THERE ARE *TWO GUARDS* IN HIS ROOM AT *ALL* TIMES. *COFFEE* AND *AMPHETAMINES* ARE FREELY AVAILABLE. THE GUARDS NEVER *SLEEP* ON DUTY.

DO WHAT THOU WILT, BUSTER!

ASLEEP, SHE WATCHES *TELEVISION.*

ASLEEP, SHE RELAXES IN THE *SUN.*

1970.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE DRIFTED AWAY.

ALEX HANDS OVER THE REINS OF ORGANIZATION TO *PAUL McGUIRE*, HIS LONGTIME PERSONAL *ASSISTANT*.

RODERICK BURGESS 1863-1947 NOT DEAD, ONLY SLEEPING

PAUL DOESN'T *BELIEVE* IN MAGIC.

HE SEES THE ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES AS AN *EFFICIENT* METHOD OF PARTING THE *CREDULOUS* FROM THEIR *CASH*.

ALEX SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN HIS *STUDY*. HE WROTE A *MEMOIR* ABOUT HIS FATHER; WRITES LETTERS TO *NEWSPAPERS* DEFENDING HIS FATHER'S REPUTATION; IS EDITING A VOLUME OF HIS FATHER'S *LETTERS*.

ONE NIGHT HE *SLASHED* HIS FATHER'S PORTRAIT WITH A *KNIFE*.

ALEX WILL NO LONGER *READ* BOOKS ON *MAGIC*. EXCEPT FOR ONE. THE *LIBER FULVARUM PAGINARUM*. AND HE ONLY READS *ONE* PAGE OF THAT BOOK...

OVER...

Here I laid thee kinge of Rome

AND OVER...

1972.

WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME? YOU COULD TELL US SO MUCH. SO MANY THINGS...

1978.

I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR SIXTY YEARS. IS THAT YOUR FAULT? IS IT?

1982.

I COULD... UH... TORTURE YOU, YOU KNOW. I COULD. DON'T THINK THAT I COULDN'T...

I'VE KILLED PEOPLE BEFORE NOW...

1988.

I HATE YOU. I'M GLAD WE TRAPPED YOU.

YOU'RE... NOTHING SPECIAL. YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL.

IT STEPHEN KING

A NAKED MAN IN A GLASS BOX. THAT'S ALL YOU ARE.

IT EVEN ING

YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL.

Soon.

EHH... POINTLESS. *QUITE* POINTLESS.

TAKE ME UP TO MY OFFICE, PAUL.

I, UH, HAVE *WORK* TO ATTEND TO...

...DON'T I?

OF *COURSE* YOU DO, ALEX, LOVE. OF *COURSE* YOU DO.

DON'T *HUMOR* ME, *PAUL*.

I CAN'T *STAND* IT WHEN YOU *HUMOR* ME!

BOY, THE OLD MAN'S *STROPPY* TODAY.

ANYTHING HAPPENING, THEN?

The Sun

TUG OF LOVE BABY EATEN BY COWS!

NAH. SAME OLD *RUBBISH*. I DUNNO WHY I BUY IT. FORCE OF *HABIT*, I S'POSE. THAT 'N' *PAGE 3*...

AND I'LL BE IN *MAJORCA* THIS TIME *NEXT* WEEK, SO THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF THE *REAL* THING...

IT

1988

YOU KNOW. THE KIND OF *EYEFUL* YOU'D NEVER GET AT THE BEACH AT *EASTBOURNE!*

I DUNNO. I ONCE MET THIS *BLONDE* BUYING A CHOC ICE...

ERNIE *SEES* ANY CONVERSATION AS AN INVITATION TO *CONCOCT* TALES ABOUT HIS SEXUAL *PROWESS*. FREDERICK NO LONGER LISTENS.

HE'S THINKING ABOUT HIS *HOLIDAY*...

AND THEN THE SPANISH *BEACH* BECOMES A *TROPICAL PARADISE*...

It begins.

STRAIGHT OUT OF A HOLIDAY *BROCHURE*.

SUN... SEA...

...SAND...

...AND SURF... AND... ...AND...

THUD

--UH! *CHRIST!* *WHAT* WAS *THAT*?

LOOK AT HIM.

YOU DON'T THINK HE'S *DEAD*?

I DUNNO *WHAT* TO THINK. WHAT THE *HELL* DO WE DO *NOW*?

THEY *WON'T* THINK IT'S *OUR FAULT*, WILL THEY? WE DIDN'T *DO* NOTHING!

WAIT HERE--I'LL GET McGUIRE!

DEAD. I BET HE'S *DEAD*.

HOW LONG'S HE BEEN LIKE THIS?

UNH. I SUPPOSE... I *SUPPOSE* WE OUGHT TO TAKE A *LOOK* AT HIM.

HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE...

HELL...

CLIK

PUFF

UHN...URRHH... WHAT *HAPPENED*?

WHERE DID HE *GO*?

Home.

It feels so good to be back...

Weakened, I clutch a passing dream... First, food...

I left a monarch. Yet I return naked, alone...

Hungry.

IN MORT NOTKIN'S *RECURRING DREAM*, HE GOES TO THIS SWELL PARTY, BUT HE'S DRESSED AS A *CLOWN*...

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A *COSTUME* PARTY.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

EVERYONE *LAUGHS* AT HIM: *MARILYN*, *ELVIS*, EVEN THE *DUKE*...

WEIRD! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME A NAKED *MAN* HAS EVER TURNED UP TO *RAID* THE *BUFFET*.

DREAMS. GO *FIGURE* THEM.

My first FOOD in seventy years... I'm so hungry I don't even TASTE it.

First, food;

then clothing...

THEN *RON* AND *NANCY* TURN UP, AND MORT'S BACK ON *FAMILIAR GROUND*.

I imagine the texture of fabric against my skin; sculpt it from dream-space...

It has been so long.

I am weak, lacking my tools. Still...

There.

That's two of three.

I have food and raiment. I need the tools stolen from me by my former captor. He will give them to me.

And he will give me the other thing I crave...

REVENGE.

AND ALL OVER THE WORLD, THEY BEGAN TO WAKE UP.

"...WHY, YOU'RE ONLY A SORT OF THING IN HIS DREAM!"

"IF THAT THERE KING WAS TO *WAKE*," ADDED TWEEDLEDUM, "YOU'D GO OUT...

"BANG!

"JUST LIKE A CANDLE!"

YOU LOOK AT *THIS*, MON. 'E'S *CRAZY*. JUST SITS THERE ALL THE DAY...

'E *CAN'T* TALK. 'E'S *CRAZY*.

NO. NOT ANYMORE.

AND IN THE NURSING HOME GARDEN, UNITY KINKAID COMES TO HERSELF AGAIN.

MY BABY?

I DREAMED I HAD A BABY.

I, UH, NEED TO TALK TO *ALEX*. SOMETHING'S COME *UP*. SOMETHING *IMPORTANT*.

"...HE'S HAVING HIS *NAP*."

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO *WAIT*, MR. McGUIRE...

MEOWRRR?

Hello.

You aren't TALKING. What's the matter?

CAT got your TONGUE?

YOU. IT'S YOU.

That's right. It's ME.

I'M, GOD, I'M SORRY, IT, IT WASN'T ME, MY FATHER, HE DID IT, I, I NEVER KNEW, I WOULDN'T HAVE, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T--

Shusshhh... Enough.

There are offenses that are UNPARDONABLE.

Can YOU have any idea what it was LIKE? Can you have ANY IDEA?

CONFINED in a glass box for three score years and ten. A human LIFETIME.

TIME moves no FASTER for my kind than it does for humanity, and in PRISON it CRAWLED at a snail's pace...

I was... I am... the LORD of this REALM of DREAM and NIGHTMARE.

YOU--your FATHER-- PIPED me DOWN with his PETTY hedge-magicking, his twopenny spell...

ME. You did THAT to ME.

You barred me from my realm with your foolish circle...

You threatened, cajoled and pleaded for gifts that are neither mankind's to receive nor mine to give.

You had no thought for the harm you must have brought to your world...

Lord, what fools these mortals be.

WELL? Have you no EXCUSE? No EXPLANATION? Some reason I should not take REPRISAL?

WE DIDN'T WANT YOU. IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. WE WEREN'T TRYING TO CAPTURE YOU.

WE WANTED TO CAPTURE DEATH.

WHAT? You wanted DEATH? Then count yourself lucky for the sake of your species and your petty planet that you did NOT succeed...

...that instead you snared Death's younger BROTHER...!

You'll never know how LUCKY you were.

Where are my TOOLS?

...SORRY?

A POUCH, a HELM, a RUBY. Your people STOLE them from me. Where ARE they?

I DON'T KNOW...THAT WAS PART OF THE STUFF ***SYKES*** PINCHED, FIFTY YEARS AGO. ***WE*** NEVER ***SAW*** ANY OF IT AGAIN...

I SEE.

So. Your PUNISHMENT, then. I will grant you a GIFT...

To reward you for your years of HOSPITALITY.

I give you this...

ETERNAL WAKING.

HNERR...

NO!

ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?*

YES. I-- OHHHH... *SORRY.* I MUST HAVE HAD A *NIGHTMARE.*

I DREAMED THAT OUR *PRISONER* HAD *ESCAPED.* IN THIS TOWER, HE WAS... HE SAID...

FINANCIAL TIMES

HE HAS. HE DID.

HE'S *OUT,* ALEX.

HE CHECKED OUT THIS MORNING...

KEEP *AWAY* FROM ME!

NOW, THEN, MISTER *BURGESS*, CALM DOWN. YOU'VE HAD A BAD *DREAM*, THAT'S *ALL*. NO POINT GETTING ALL WORKED *UP* ABOUT IT.

GOD. OH *GOD*. IT WAS TER-- *TERR*IFYING. SO *REAL*. HA-HAVE YOU EVER HAD ONE OF *THOSE* DREAMS, YOU KNOW...

...WHERE YOU *THINK* YOU'VE *WOKEN UP*, BUT YOU *HAVEN'T*? IT'S JUST PART OF THE *NIGHTMARE* AND YOU'RE *STILL IN IT*...

I CAN'T SAY I *HAVE*, DEAR. BUT YOU KNOW *WHAT*?

THLIMP!

...I THINK *YOU'RE* GOING TO BE HAVING QUITE A *LOT* OF THEM FROM *NOW ON*.

HAWAHA-HA-HA...

It was more tiring than I had expected. But he will never return to the life he knew.

His is the nightmare everlasting...

Eternal Waking...

HOW LONG HAS HE *BEEN* LIKE THIS?

HE'S ONLY BEEN *ASLEEP* A FEW MINUTES, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU *MEAN. FUNNY*--HE'S NORMALLY SUCH A *LIGHT SLEEPER.*

SNUR. NO. NO... NO... PLEASE. URF. SHUT. JM.

And I have showed him fear...

ALEX? ALEX, IT'S *ME. PAUL.* COME ON, ALEX. COME *ON,* OLD FELLOW.

ME AND *NURSE EDMUNDS...*

"...WE'RE HERE. IT'S ALL RIGHT. *SO WAKE UP."*

"PLEASE WAKE UP."

"PLEASE...?"

SON OF ULTRON